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THE STRAWBERRY BEDS.

Of the various pleasant drives round the metropolis, that through the Phoenix Park, by the side of the Liffey, and the Strawberry Beds to Lucan, Leixlip, and the Salmon Leap, appears to be most esteemed by the citizens. Numerous fine views of the Dublin and Wicklow mountains meet the eye in passing through the Park, and leaving the bay and city behind; while before, and around, on every side, a picturesque and finely cultivated coun-

try appears to invite the traveller forward with full promise of gratification and enjoyment.

Having already, in several former numbers, described the principal features of the landscape in this direction, we need only further mention that the Strawberry Beds are much frequented by parties of pleasure at the season of the year when the fruit is ripe; and that at any season the beauty of the scenery will well repay a drive to those who may not before have seen this part of the country.



THE STRAWBERRY BEDS.

THE ABDUCTION OF A VOTER.

A general contested election is always a scene of disturbance and tumult, but more especially in Ireland, where the genius of misrule and mischief seems to have a particular partiality for presiding. An Irishman has a natural love of contention, as the old story of trailing a coat in the fair will testify; and on an occasion like this, when not only the love of opposition, but the bitterness of party feeling, are awakened, "war to the knife" is of frequent occurrence. This is the case, more especially in country towns, for in cities there is always some stir; but when the monotony of country life is broken in upon by a hard contest, and speeching, and placards, and broken heads, the rural factions seize every opportunity of a *scrimmage*, and the general result is, a few lives lost, all for honour, glory, and patriotism—(*quere, pat-riot-ism.*)

It was during the election, which took place in 18—, and which many of our readers must remember, from the virulence displayed by all parties, that the somewhat singular occurrence took place, of which we are about to speak. In the elegantly furnished breakfast parlour of one of the splendid residences of the former nobility in this city, sat a beautiful young girl. The entire furniture of the apartment was imposing, and costly without being vulgarly rich—all was elegant and refined, and the vase of sweet flowers over which Emma was leaning—the odour loaded rose and the graceful lily, seemed most fit to rest on the spider table of polished rosewood, at which she was sitting. Before an open writing desk, on which was strewn various unopened letters, sat a gentleman somewhat above the middle age, with a high polished brow, and dark hair, on which time already had begun to lay a

gentle hand—his features resembled Emma's considerably, but were more strongly marked, and had acquired a haughty and somewhat aristocratic sternness, which, however, extended not to his eye; for it was, though penetrating, mild and gentle in expression. His brow appeared thoughtful and somewhat disturbed, as he glanced over a letter which he held closely to him, and then a smile of a doubtful character, it might be of vexation, crossed his features as he exclaimed—

"Now Emma, love! who would think it? Frank writes me word that all my tenants have refused him their support, and that unless I can contrive to go down, he fears he'll lose his election!"—

A slight blush tinged her cheek as the name of Frank was mentioned, but not being noticed, it soon died away, while her father continued—

"I don't like the son of my old friend to be thrown out, and that by those upstart Ryans—but 'tis such a distance, and so wild a neighbourhood—yet, he says he'll meet me on the road. The rascals should not be allowed to have their own way. Emma, do you think I ought to go?"—

"Go father!—why, poor Frank, you know, will expect you; and the weather's so fine, and I'd so love to see "*Mount-prospect*," and—and—why, Sir! I think you ought."

"Well then, love, there is no time to be lost—do you hasten and make preparations, for we must be off before night.—while I go and see about the carriage"—answered her indulgent parent, as he left the room; while Emma, with a gleam of joy lighting up her fine eyes, danced out like a fairy, carolling in the glee of an unclouded heart!

Emma Hemple was an only daughter, and strange to

assert, was not *spoiled*, as only daughters generally are. Her mother had been called from earth while she was out a child, and her infancy was passed under the protection of an aunt, who loved her as if she were her own daughter. Her education was strictly attended to, and the wholesome principles of moral duty, firmly inculcated in a mind waxen to receive, and marble to retain. Her father was a gentleman possessed of considerable property through the country, more especially, in M——, where he had just determined on going to influence by his presence, the votes of his tenantry, in the return of Frank Hutchinson, whose father, his oldest friend, had represented the county for years. Frank was very young and very handsome, and very clever, which is more than all, for ladies had rather subdue one clever person than a myriad of butterfly fops—it is such a pride to see talent at one's feet. Well—he used to walk out with Emma, and read for her, and sing with her, and of course, she was quizzed about her handsome beau by her light-hearted friends, until at last, she began to think, and when she thought she blushed—and a blush became her well, although she would willingly have dispensed with its presence!

Frank had written a pamphlet or two—had spoken at a debating club, and having passed his minority, a general dissolution of parliament coming on, had deemed himself a fit and proper person to represent the county M—— in parliament. No sooner did he address the constituency than opposition began. Mr. Ryan, a popular man, set up on popular principles, and this caused the letter which urged Mr. Hemple to go down, and support by his presence, his young friend.

It was late in the evening when the travelling carriage which contained Mr. Hemple and his daughter, entered a small village, situated about thirty miles from their place of destination. They purposed stopping there for an hour or more; but *should* proceed then, as the following day was the last of the election, and they only delayed to procure refreshment, and a relay of horses, as their own were considerably jaded. This village, as too many are in Ireland, was a beautiful specimen of genuine dirt and disorder. Mac Adam had taken the principle street under his *surveillance*, but it was woefully out of repair and waged a continued war with the carriage springs, as it proceeded through its ups and downs. Pigs and poultry, curs and chickens—geese and grandams, testified that—

"There are human natures so allied
Unto the savage love of enterprize,
That they will seek for peril as a pleasure."

and it was only between "*whoops—whooshes—and out o' the way mam,*"—the latter, generally, when attended to, followed with a grumbling curse, that the driver succeeded in establishing his burden opposite the inn, without the guilt of blood, or maiming, on his head.

The moment the rumbling vehicle came to a stand still—*boys—gossoons—colleens—and house dogs*, gathered tumultuously round it—all eagerness to behold the contents—the *boys* shouting for Ryan—the *gossoons* shouting for companionship—the *colleens* grinning to show their teeth—and the dogs barking to show their lungs. This scene was so new to Emma, and so ludicrous, that she leaned back in the carriage and burst forth into an involuntary peal of laughter; and when its door was at length opened, and the attentive landlord bustling assisted them out, her blue eyes flashed with mild merriment, and her pretty cheeks were dimpled with excess of mirth. In one instant, all this vanished—and the change was so sudden as to direct her father's eyes to the object who had caused it; but after a moment's scrutiny, he smiled at her sensitive nervousness, and led her into the inn—having given orders for fresh horses to be in readiness as soon as possible.

The individual whom both had so noted, was leaning against the window frame, one hand thrust loosely into his breast, and the other picking up some grains of wheat which were scattered on the head of a barrel near where he stood—but all this time, his eyes never for a moment wandered from the persons of Mr. Hemple and his daughter, as long as they remained in view, save when the former fix-

edly regarded him, and then they quailed beneath his glance. He was below the middle size—but with herculean breadth of shoulder and expansion of chest, and his legs being short and bowed, gave him the appearance of immense strength—but it was his features that more particularly attracted attention—they were large, coarse, and sottish—and his dull black eye, a little protruded from his head, had malignity—indulgence in brute passion, and cunning, strongly expressed in its stealthy glances; in fine—he was one, whom to look on was to fear—you know not why; and hate, you could not tell wherefore. He seemed not outwardly to partake in the general curiosity and thoughtless inquisitiveness, and spoke to none of the group around the door; but when Emma and her father entered, he moved quickly away towards the open country, without having held communication with any—and yet, so eager were all about the new-comers, that this singularity was unobserved. Mr. Hemple having never since he was of age, visited this part of the country before, was, of course, not recognised by any of those whom he encountered, and was the more pleased, as he wished his presence to be unannounced and sudden. He had some trouble in parrying the, not questions absolutely, but inquisitive hints of Boniface, who was full of politics and the election, and warmly recommended him to vote for Ryan—"one o' the right sort all out." We will now leave him for a time, to note the proceedings of the strange figure which had caused Emma's mirth so suddenly to subside.

He rapidly traversed the few fields which were rescued from the surrounding sterility, until he began gradually to ascend the bleak mountain, at the foot of which, the small village was situated. Here the traces of culture soon became lost, and piles of shapeless rock, half covered, in some instances, with the luxuriant growth of wild heath, made the path both difficult and dreary. A low cabin, only to be traced from the surrounding mountain by the wreaths of grey smoke ascending from its chimney, was situated near the summit; and thither he pursued his course. When within about one hundred yards of its entrance, two shaggy haired, ill-clad figures suddenly appeared, as if to reconnoitre, and then apparently satisfied with the individual who was approaching—re-entered, leaving the door half closed. He soon followed them in, and when on the threshold, was greeted with—

"A thin, Dinis, a higur, we thought you wor among the boys at the pollin' place. What's brought you here, an' the divarshun goin' an'?"

"Sure enough, thin, an' it's in the regard ov that same pollin', Tim. There's the masther goin' to be beat ontirely out an' out, iv we don't join Mick Dunn an' a few ov the boys in previnthin' id."

"The masther beat!—Repale Ryan bet! Arrah, Dinis Mulligan, don't be divartin' us!" jeered the man addressed, a rough but good-humoured looking peasant.

"Yer welcome to yer laugh, Tim," answered Mulligan, "bud it's thrue as the blessed priest's sarmons! Didn't I go, as Mick Dunn could me, to the little village below, an' see wid my own eyes Misther Hemple, the head man, who's come down to make his tinants vote agin justice, an' repale, an' law."

"Misther Hemple!" ejaculated Tim, jumping, as well as his companion, to his feet, and burying his rough hand in his hair, as if from thence to draw resources to meet the danger. "Och, bud iv *that's* thrue, I'm afeard we're murdered out an' out. Well, it's a pity, an' the poll goin' an' so iligant; an' Ryan's fine sintences, an' the beer, an' whiskey."

"Bud, Tim," renewed Denis, "Mick an' I, an' a few more o' the boys, wor thinkin' ov jist quietly an' comfortably borryin' him for a bit, ontill the day's over. Thin, you know, the sorra taste o' harm he could do! He has only a couple ov sarvints," continued Mulligan, "an' a lady the most beautiful crathur I ever laid eyes an. We could asily manage thin, you know. The ould cave's a mighty purty hidin'-place, an' it 'ud be a pity to sell the counthry through any sich thing as squeamishness!"

Tim's head kept nod, nod, nod, during this sentence, as he gradually understood the meaning it was intended to convey; and when Mulligan concluded, he leisurely

buttoned his coat, placed his pipe in the front of his hat, and taking his stick in the centre, as if balancing its weight, exclaimed—

"That's all fair, square, an' straight, Dinis, a hagar; an' as to sellin' the counthry through squeamishness, whin we mane no harm to him or the lady, only the hoighth o' kindness an' atinshun, id's my opinion they'll be more obleeged to us than not."

"Thru, avourneen!" responded both his auditors in the same tone; and after a few more explanatory sentences, they left the hut, and descended down the mountain, on whose sides the heavy mists of night were already beginning to collect. Their course led them outside the village, on the road which led from it to the place of contention, and which was, generally speaking, desolate looking, as but few huts were erected at its side, in consequence of the barrenness of the soil, and they were soon lost to view in the increasing obscurity.

The clear placid moon lit up with her radiance the summer night, as the carriage which contained Mr. Hemple and his daughter wound round the base of one of the large mountains by which the road leading to their destination was cut. It had gradually grown more and more lonely, till at last all traces of habitation had departed, and all around was barrenness. However, the road, being a leading one, was tolerably good, so that the postillion (an Englishman, with a due fear of pikes and whiteboys) was enabled to hurry on with considerable speed. Suddenly, in one of the most obscure parts of the road, a loud shout burst on his ears, which his terrified imagination construed into the yell of human demons; and the injunction it contained to stop, was only noticed by a quicker and more nervous application of the whip; but before he could recollect himself, or Mr. Hemple inquire the cause of the interruption, the horses were stopped by a vigorous hand, and their driver knocked from his seat by the gentle application of Denis Mulligan's *alpeen*.

"Take that, you omedhaun, for not bein' p'lite enough to stop whin axed!" accompanied the blow.

In a moment after the carriage-door was opened, the steps let down, and the figure of a tall and handsome peasant discerned by the astonished inmates a little in advance of many others, bowing and scraping, while they shouted, "Hurroo for Ryan!"—"Ryan for ever, *whoa!*" &c.

Mr. Hemple having recovered from his first astonishment, and vainly endeavoured to allay the fears of Emma, who saw in the interruption nothing short of murder and spoliation, descended from the vehicle to demand the reason of their progress being stopped; and the moment he set foot upon the ground, the tall peasant, who seemed leader, turning his head round to the others, shouted—

"Now, boys, hats off an' welcome home the masther. Long life to your honour—hurroo!"

A thundering echo of his cry was the answer, and sticks, *caubeens*, and *gossoons* simultaneously bounded into the air, shrieking, (we mean the latter,) grinning, whooping, and dancing, as is Paddy's custom on all joyful occasions. This perplexed Mr. Hemple more and more; and though annoyed at being so evidently discovered, he was not unamused at the manner in which he was welcomed: and Emma, having seen nothing hostile attempted, sat looking eagerly from the window, and wondering what it all could mean.

"My friends," at last he began ("hurroo—o—whoop! the masther for evir!") "may I ask why I am stopped?" ("The darlin' he was!") I am proceeding ("Good look to yer honour, we know id") a little farther forwards."

"Wid all due submission," here interrupted the most conspicuous of the group, who was no other than Mick Dunn, the politician of the entire country, "an' not neann' no offence, ("Och, we'd bate the brains out ov any man that would!") I'm goin' to make so free as to ix yer honour's pardon for bringin' yer honour a taste ov o'er way, in the regard ov a purty summer house we're goin' to show yer honour, by reason of the roads bein' blocked up with the murderin' Hutchinsons, an' for fear yer honour an' the purty crathur lookin' at us now wid her d'wood eyes good look to them!—id come to sither hurt or harm."

Then conceiving he had sufficiently explained himself he shouted—

"Hollo, there, you lazy bastes, why don't yez unyoke the horses? Denis, what are you at? Barney, work, you villian. The gintleman's gettin' onasy at the delay."

He then was proceeding leisurely to their assistance, when Mr. Hemple, laying his hand on his arm, detained him, and said—

"But, my friend, I must proceed. I am going to support Mr. Hutchinson, and am not afraid of his party."

"Asy a bit now, your honour, avourneen," interrupted Dunn, "an' I'll let you know all about id. Ye see, we're all an the side o' the Ryans, not sayin' any thing agin the other; bud bekase they're the right soort, an' Father Tague bid us. Now we hard that you wor comin' down to make us vote agin the priest's wish, lettin' alone our conscience, an' so we med bould to meet you on the road to ax you on a visit up the hill yandher ontill the day's decided. We'll thrate you as tindher as a child, yer honour. Don't be afear'd a bit; an' the mountain air 'ill put a pair o' roses into the lady's cheeks, aquil in beauty a'most to her good-natured eyes. You see now, yer honour, the ins and outs; an' maybe you'd ax her to step from the coach, as we're goin' to hide id undher yandher hape o' hay—cute's the word; an' as for the horses, the bastes, they'll come along wid us. Asy, Barney, loose the buckle first."

Words could not depict the astonishment of Mr. Hemple and his daughter, who had heard the entire conversation; and though he felt considerably annoyed, there was something so ludicrous in being brought, whether he would or not, "up the hill yandher," (a huge black, dreary-looking mountain,) that he felt irresistibly disposed to laugh at the whole adventure; and when the woe-begone face of the postillion, whom Barney had "spilled," met his view, it could no longer be repressed, but he burst into an involuntary peal, which was hailed by a deafening shout of mingled cheers and laughter. Emma's fright had not altogether subsided, yet her eyes grew brighter and brighter, her face became lighted up, and she was obliged to smile. This was greeted with redoubled whoopings, accompanied with "Goodness purtect the darlin'!"—"Och, the heavens be her bed!"—"Gracious, such dazzlin' teeth!"

The entire scene—the carriage with the horses taken from it—the wild-looking group surrounding it, and keeping at a respectful distance from Mr. Hemple and Emma, who had joined him—his noble bearing, and her agile figure—all seen beneath the bright splendour of the unclouded moon, had a singular and romantic effect; and if Emma were one of those album-blotting, Byron-idolizing creatures, she might have spun a fine sketch out of it for the edification of her friends. But, alas! she was gifted with that much neglected acquisition, common sense, so she did not look pathetic, nor do terror. Her father, seeing that they were bent on the execution of their purpose, remained silent, not unamused by the rapidity with which the carriage was removed a little off the road, and the quiet gravity with which they proceeded to cover it with the hay, until at last there was no trace of aught but a good-sized stack, well tightened up and built. When all this was complete, the leader, Dunn, again came forward, and taking off his hat, said—

"Now, your honour, I'm ready to lade the way—the path's asy enough, an' the lady, glory to her! 'ill not be in the laste incommoded. Tim, run forward a taste; Mulligan bring up the rear. Keep close to me, Sir, iv you please, an' you'll find afore you've gone far that it's quite asy."

So saying, he proceeded up a rude path, full of loose stones, evidently the relics of a winter torrent. Mr. Hemple, with Emma leaning on his arm, and the terrified postillion keeping close at their heels, (seeing that resistance was useless,) quietly conceded, while the whole gang followed with the horses, remaining silent after having given one shout, as if to give impetus to their motions.

Though the path was rugged, they proceeded without much difficulty, till, after many turns and windings, they at last approached a low cave situated in the side of the mountain, within which the red light of a turf fire cheerfully blazed and having arrived at its entrance, which

was decked with woodbine hanging at each side, the leader stopped, and taking off his hat, politely bowed, saying,

"Welcome, Sir, to Doran's cave!"

Then pushing aside the honeysuckle branches, he signed for him to enter, and followed alone, the rest of his comrades remaining with the horses. The interior was spacious, and had evidently been prepared for their reception; for before the fire were two seats, and near it a heap of fern, covered with moss, as a resting-place. But what overjoyed Emma most, was the appearance of a black-eyed girl of about her own age, who came forward curtsying and blushing, to bid her welcome; and she was no less pleased than surprised when Dunn introduced her as his wife, and then desired her to busy herself about their comforts.

"Take a sate, yer honour. Miss, a lanna! won't ye condiscind to rest yerself afther yer walk?" bustlingly said Dunn, brushing the seats with his coat skirts, with all the air of a host doing the honours. "Och, musha, in thrath, but id's a poor place for raal born quality like yous to be in, but, av coorse, the *thru* ginteels don't mind. That's right, Miss, sit down, an' make yerself at home. Faix, thim darlin' feet o' yours warn't med for thrampin' through a wild place like this—id's on daisies, an' primroses, an' butthercups, *they* should thread. Musha, musha, Mary, will you be quick. Whoo! bud id's seldom the ould cave's honoured with the light ov such a beautiful lady's eyes. Maybe yer honour 'id like a dhrop o' whiskey afther yer walk?"

This was declined by Mr. Hemple, who could not but feel amused with the good-natured politeness of their captor—a politeness constantly met with in the Irish peasantry, much traduced as they have been. Mary now made her appearance, with a clean but coarse cloth, which was soon spread over the rude table.—On it was then placed a cold roast fowl, which had evidently been prepared for *them*, together with some bread, an article not of very great plenty in such a wild district. However, both showed the desire of contributing so much to their comfort, that father and daughter exchanged a glance of wonder mixed with pleasure, which was not unobserved by the acute Dunn, and drew down a fervent "Glory to yer honour, an' heaven to the angel's image, lookin' so continted wid our poor entertainment!"

Having seen the table in order, not forgetting a black bottle of that mystic fluid which gives heart to the coward, quickens the pulses of the brave, and is irreverently dubbed *potteen*, Dunn and his wife were about to retire, when Emma, with a sudden impulse which a cynic would term woman's tact, but we call woman's good-nature, asked both to remain, which invitation was insisted on by her father; and after much grumbling of "makin' bould"—"intirely too condiscindin'," et cetera, they both acquiesced, greatly to the delight of their young guest.

Will the reader now be pleased to fancy the interior of the cave, which was pretty spacious, lighted up with a bright peat fire, near which, at a respectful distance from "the genteels," Dunn and his wife were sitting; while the contrast presented by the ruddy cheek and gipsy-like beauty of Mary, and the almost child-like loveliness of Emma, was only to be equalled by the high brow and noble outline of her father's chiselled features, and the rough but handsome lineaments of his host.

"But you have not told us the reason," said Emma, "of your objection to Mr. Hutchinson."

"Objection! Arrah, Miss jewel, iv id's dislike you mane be that, shure we've none at all, for a better lad nor Masther Frank doesn't exist undher the canopy of the Uropan world."

A slight suffusion of pleasure at this honest praise of her lover, tinged Emma's cheek, and was not unnoticed by Dunn, as her father replied—

"Then why not return him as your candidate?"

"Why you see, yer honour, in that regard id's entirely an' completely a different matther. Masther Frank's a fine young man, an', what's better, a good young man—an' (a glance at Emma) one the ladies might choose if *they* had votes; bud, Sir, (growing warm,) he's not a po-

litishun—excuse me makin' so bould—he's not a politishun, Sir!"

"That is, he doesn't espouse your side of the question?" interrogated Mr. Hemple.

"Thru, Sir, thru! Bud id's not that intirely out, you see, Sir—he's not my idaya ov a mimber fit for parliament."

"Well, Dunn, now what is your idea?" said the amused listener.

"Och, now, yer honour's only divartin' yerself. The likes o' me to give my opinion—the likes o' me to sit here at all at all, bates banagher—bud yer honour's so good!"

"Do tell us," eagerly exclaimed Emma, infinitely diverted with the manner, the gesture, and above all the *brogue*, and casting off every shadow of terror from the politeness and kindness with which they were treated; there was, besides, a latent spark of romance in her disposition, which could not but be stirred up by the wild and singular nature of her situation.

"Well, thin, Miss, id's my opinion that to be a raal mimber, an' one able to rule a nation like this, a man should have experience! Id's not in books an' college that experience is to be had, though there's no denyin' they're very well in their way. Och, iv ye'd heard Masther Frank's address—that showed the book larnin' I'm spakin' ov, bud, beggin' yer pardon, Miss—*no experience!* Well, Miss, I think a mimber, to have the raal knowledge, should be an ould man. The young mimbers they elect are full of blood, an' action, an' great spakin', an' all that; bud, Miss, sure they don't rason. A mimber should rason on every thing: id's not wid throops here an' money there the things to be kep' up, as some mimbers assert; an', Miss, thim are the young ones—the boys, as a body may say—goodness help their poor heads!"

"Has Mr. Ryan *experience?*" asked Mr. Hemple; when Dunn elevated his head, half closed his eyes, while the corners of his mouth twisted themselves into an ineffable expression of evasive cunning, as he answered—

"He's a REPAIRER!"

There could be no reply given to this home thrust; and the silence which ensued was broken by Mr. Hemple's saying—

"I think you called this Doran's cave as we entered; why is it so named?"

"In throth, yer honor's darlin, its an ould an melancholy story," said Dunn—when Emma's taste for romance was entirely roused, and she eagerly asked to hear it.

"Mary machree!" he added to his wife, "do you tell id to divart his honor, while I go look afther the horses," saying which, he rose up, and after many a "goodness bless you"—"Age never wrinkle yer shinin' brow"—"The Vargin watch over yer sleep," &c.—he bowed himself away with his native politeness, with which he seemed eminently gifted; and his wife, blushing with pleasure, mingled with embarrassment, at "bein' so put forward," smoothed down her apron—stirred up the peat fire, and commenced the narration.

"Id's many a long year, Miss, since this cave was first known be 'Doran's Cave,' an' its likely to be always called so now. Don't be frightened Miss, iv I tell you, there's but few in this part o' the counthrey id come near id, let alone enter id after dusk—bud you see, whin I'm armed with the sign ov the holy cross—[here the little devotee blessed herself]—I'm not afear'd of the Devil or his works, which sperits sartinly are!"—Mary, notwithstanding this, stole a timid glance round; and Emma felt a *little* tremor round her heart as she drew in closer to the fire!—

"There was a man, Miss, they called Shawn Doran" continued Mary—"livin' in this part of the counthrey, years and years ago—an a wild dissolute life he led; he was for ever gamin' an' dhrinkin', an' out at night; and more betoken, the day too—never workin' nor labourin' like other men, but divartin' himself from night till mornin', and mornin' till night. Well, Miss, I'm tould wid all this, that he was the finest and handsomest boy in the whole counthrey; an' that the *colleens* wor all his friends, notwithstanding his wicked ways—for the poor crathurs has always soft hearts, Miss! and looks more to the outside

nor they should, dear help thim ! Well, Miss, the place that's in id, from bein' the safest in the regard of robbery in the world—all at once began to get a bad name ; people wor stopped and plundered at night, and poliss wor on the look out, bud never wor able to make out the mis-crayants. The priest, Father Murphy—rest his sowl in glory, amin !—addressed the people from the altar, an' more particularly, spoke to Shawn, who happened, fur a wondher, to be present—bud all to no purpose ; the robberies becum more darin' nor evir—and as he was suspected be the Priest, his raverence towld him never agin to enter his presence, unless he wint to his duty ; which, God pity him, he'd woefully neglected. Well, Miss, his reverence had a niece livin' with him—the gentlest an' sweetest crathur evir brathed, as innocent as a young lamb, an' good an' vartuous as an unborn child. Shawn was, as I sed, a handsome dashin' boy ; an' shure enough, he contrived, unknownst to the uncle, to creep into her little heart, and she loved him—the dove she loved the raven ! Bud the heart of a young girl, Miss ! is soft, and her affection isn't her own, afther a manner, (Little did the narrator know she was giving Byron's—"Is human love the growth of human will ?") Well, Miss, she marrid him agin the blessed Priest's consint, and agin the will ov all her frinds ; bud who can control passion when it gets, as it did on her, a howl of reason, an' mind, an' prenceple, an' all ? From the day ov her foolish act, her uncle, though he forgave her, never would admit her to his house—an' she was thrown on the world, thrustin' to Shawn's purtection alone ! Oh, Miss, girls ought to be very careful ov whom they rely on, for snares an' pits are always on their path ! The robberies still continued to be repeated, an' Doran was, at last, found out as the villian, an' a watch set on him, an' a reward offered for his sazure, an' then it was he first tuk to hidin' in this cave, sleepin' in id like a hunted wild baste, wid the poliss all about the mountain—fur they knew he was somewhere in the neighbourhood. One night, his wife, fur the first time almost since her marriage, entered the village, and wint into a huxther's shop, where she bought a loaf an' other things ; an' oh, Miss, they say, the mother that bore her id scarce know her child—for her eyes wor red wid weepin', an' her face pale, while she was worn to a shadow with the fare dint ov frettin'." A sorrowful heart, Miss, soon takes the roses from the cheek, an' the dimond from the eye ! Well, Miss, to go an. Shawn Doran was sittin' athout light or fire in this very cave, listenin' to every whistle ov the cowl'd winther's wind—an' a dark rainy night it was, when he thought he hard a step near the entrance—" Iv I'm sould" sis he, sazin a loaded pistol—" I'll nevir be taken alive." Oh, bud he was mortal wicked, Miss, an' still full ov courage ! Well, whin the noise cum nearer, as ov some one creepin' on their hands an' knees, he shouted " who comes ?" in a voice of thunder—an' no answer was given. In a moment or two more, Miss, he seen a dark figure creepin' into the cave, an' murder was in his heart ; for the devil—God be betune us an' harm ! was always at his side, an' whin id spoke not, but still kept movin', his finger touched the thrigger, thinkin' id was a spy ov the poliss ; an' the report echoed in the cave, bud louder rose the shriek, Miss, jewell ! ov his poor wife, who had been obliged to stale up (fur the whole hill was watched) wid somethin' for him to eat ; an' the last spring she ever gave was to his knees, when thyrin' to wind her arms—with love uninjured even by death, recaved from him—round him, she fell, an' wid a low groan, brathed her last. Oh, Miss, darlin, no language could spake his feelins thin—he raised her up, bud she was cowl'd an still, an' her blood clotted his fingers—her heart's blood, which he had shed ! Well, Miss, the soldiers an' poliss attracted be the shot, kem up the hill, an' wor enterin' here to sarch—when, like a madman, he dashed through them—shreeking wid agony, an' afore one could stop him, escaped down the hill. They found his poor wife dead, an' not yet quite cowl'd, with the pistol wound in her breast, an' her long yellow hair thick an' matted with her black blood. Oh, Miss, jewell ! to die be the hand ov her husband, fur whom she gave up everything, an' to whom she was comin' with food through storm, an' cowl'd, an' danger ! Well, time flew by, an' there was no tidin' ov Doran,

an' the young an' handsome became ould and wrinkled ; bud its not the smooth cheek, an' the red lips we ought to look to, Miss ! The heart never grows wrinkled iv id be vartuous an' good—honesty's before beauty, an' purity before loveliness ! The place, Miss, got a bad name—an' there wor thim that sed the spert of the poor murdered crather was seen at night here in a long white dress, spotted wid blood ; an' soon the fearless boy about, id die afore he'd come near id afther nightfall. Well, Miss ! the ways of Providence are wondherful ontirely. Many a long year afther the murder, some chil dren strayed up here one day, and wid their innocent curiosity, entered the cave ; for a child, Miss ! don't have time to know the fear ov anything wrong, till their little hearts are tainted with the world, an' ids God himself, gives them courage ! The poor little crathurs found on the very spot where we're sittin' Miss, the body ov an ould man with white hair, an' covered wid rags—doubled almost in two, as iv wid sufferin' an' torture. Well—the darlins, ov coorse, they run fast enough thin, fur even to a child, Miss, there's somethin' awful about the dead ! an whin afther much ado, some o' the boys kem an' removed the body—id hardly kept together, they say, goodness preserve us ! There wor old people that knew id was Shawn Doran ; who, afther eludin' all sarch, an' bein' almost forgot, had cum back to die on the spot where he had killed his poor wife. It's been evir sence called "*Doran's Cave*," Miss ! and its thrue for me to say id Miss, darlin—the wicked can never escape from the Almighty, nor will guilt or murder ever be unpunished !

It may easily be supposed, that this wild tale did not add much to their inclination for sleep ; and, at the first blush of morning, Mr. Hemple, on going to the entrance, found Mulligan and another lying at a respectful distance from the region occupied, as they believed, —by spirits. Their coats were buttoned loosely round them ; but they had no other covering whatever, although with a heap of plucked fern beneath them, they certainly appeared to be in the enjoyment of a rest as comfortable as if on a bed of down !

That day, they were not suffered to leave the cave ; and, with the exception of their detention, were as happy as need be ; for Dunn and his wife did their best for their entertainment, treating them with the greatest respect. On the following morning, he informed them that the carriage was ready on the road, adding—

" Now, yer honor, and you, Miss ! must promise to forgive us ; an' in throth, to look into thim angel eyes—I know *you will*. Bud Ryan's elected—good look to him, an' that's all we wanted !"

On reaching the place where they had been stopped, they found the horses sleekly rubbed, and well fed, with the postillion grinning and touching his cap—having evidently acquired during his sojourn with the " wild H Irish," a much better opinion than he formerly entertained of them. When they entered, and drove off, Dunn and a crowd of his party, saluted them with a cheer, which reverberated through the hills with many an echo ; but this was not their parting—for the wild group kept running for miles beside the carriage, and when it entered the little town, all panting and jaded as they were, they took the horses from it, and yoking themselves—willing slaves ! in their stead, drew him, with shouts of triumph, to the hotel.

To Frank, the loss of his election was made up by Emma's acceptance of his hand ; and she did not disdain at her wedding, which was on the estate, to introduce him to Dunn and Mary, who turned out to be her father's best tenants.

With regard to the others ; Tim got his head broken by foolishly knocking it against a stick, on a tipsy pugnacious fair day, and Mulligan was sometime after transported for joining the Whiteboys.

DENIS O'DONOGHEE.

Dublin : Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 3, Cecilia-street ; to whom all communications are to be addressed.
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panzer-alley, Paternoster-row ; in Liverpool, by Wilkner and Smith ; in Manchester, by Ambury ; in Birmingham, by Guest, 91, Steelhouse-lane ; in Glasgow, by John Macleod ; and in Edinburgh, by N. Bowack.